

The Maids Tragedie, AS IT HATH BEENE

Divers times Acted at the Black-

Friers, by the KING'S

Majesties Servants.

Written by FRANCIS BRAUNMONT, and
JOHN FASTER, Gentlemen.

The fifth Impression, Revised and Refin'd.



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shop in Chancery-lane, neare the Ropers. 1641.

SPEAKERS.

KING.

LISIPPUS brother to the King.

AMINTOR, a noble Gentleman.

EVADNE, Wife to AMINTOR.

MELANTIUS, { brother to EVADNE.

DIPHILUS,

ASPATIA troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.

CALIANAX an old humorous Lord, and father to
ASPATIA.

CLEON { Gentlemen.

STRATO,

DIAGORAS a servant.

ANTIPHILA { Waiting Gentlewoman to ASPATIA.

OLIMPIUS,

DULA a Lady.

NEGHT

CINTHIA,

NEPTUNE { Maskers.

EOLUS

The Stationers Censure.

Good Wine requires no Bush they say,
And Is no Prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that grace prefixed here,
But cease here (Censure) lest the Buyer
Hold thee in this evaing Supplier,
My office is to set it forth,
Where Fame applauds it's reall worth.

THE



THE MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Actus I, Scoen, I.

Enter CLEON, STRATO,

LISIPPUS, DIPHILUS.



LEON. The rest are making ready Sir.

Sira. So let them, there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King my Lord, wee'l take your word.

Lis. *Strato*, thou haft some skill in Poetry, what thinkst thou of a Maske, will it be well?

Strat. As well as Maske can be.

Lis. As Maske can be?

Strat. Yes, they must commend their King, and speake in praise of the assembly, blesse the Bride and Bridegrome, in person of some God, they'r tyed to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my Lord, who is return'd.

Lis. *Noble Melantius.*

Ent. r Melantius.

The land by me welcomes thy vertues home to Rhodes; thou that with blood abroad, buyest us our peace, the breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods: my brother wisht thee here, and thou art here: he will be too kind, and wearie thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a welcome, above his, or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thankes, but these scratcht limbes of mine, have spoke my love and truth unto my friends, more than my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it

ever

The Maids Tragedie.

Ever was to you; where I find worth,
I love the keeper, till he let it goe,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Haile worthy brother,
He that rejoyses not at your retурne
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee *Diphilus*: but thou art faulty,
I sent for thee to exercisle thine armes
With me at *Patria*: thou cam'st not *Diphilus*:
Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my Kings strikt comand, which you my Lord
Can witnesse with me.

Lif. Tis true *Melanius*,
He might not come till the solemnity
Of this great match were past.

Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, I have given cause to those that
Envie my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome,
I have no other busynesse heere at *Rhodes*.

Lif. We have a maske to night,
And you must tread a Souldiers measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me,
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd,
That stirs my bloud & then I dance with armes:
But is *Amintor* wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All joyes upon him, for he is my friend:
wonder not that I cal a man so yong my friend,
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinkes his lise his owne,
If his friend need it: when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)
I brought home conquest, he would gaze upon me
And view me round, to find in what one limbe,
The vertue lay to doe those things he heard:
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele

The

The Maids Tragedie.

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it, he oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Mel. Haile Maid and Wife.

Enter Aspasia,

passing by.

Thou faire *Aspasia*, may the holy knot
That thou hast tyed to day, last till the hand
Of age undo't, mayst thou bring a race
Unto *Amistor*, that may fill the world
Successively with Souldiers.

Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorne, for I was never proud
When they were good.

Exit Aspasia.

Mel. How's this?

Lif. You are mistaken, for she is not married.

Mel. You said *Amistor* was.

Diph. Tis true, but.

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Patria*, from my *Amistor*,
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood,
In all opinion long, but your arrivall
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who haeth taken then?

Lif. A Ladie Sir,
That beares the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Euadne*
Your vertuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them,
But this is strange.

Lif. The King my brother did it
To honour you, and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. Tis royll like himselfe,
But I am sad, my speech beares so unfortunate a sound
To beautifull *Aspasia*: there is rage
Mid in her fathers brest, *Calianus*.

The Maids Tragedie.

Bent long against me, and he should not thinke,
If I could call it backe, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorne the state
Of his neglected daughter: holds hee still his greatnessse
Liz. Yes, but this Lady with the King?

Walkes discontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight, and when she sees a banke
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants, what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in, and make her maids
Pluck' em, and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious griefe,
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
Themournfulst things that ever eare hath heard
And sigh, and sing againe, and when the rest
Of our young Ladys in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthfull tales in course that fill the roome
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end,
Sheel send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother under my command
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much out-growne
The number of his yeares.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroome.

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
Upon my foe: I love thee well *Amintor*,
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart,
I joy to looke upon those eyes of thine,
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art *Melantius*.

All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thanke the gods, *Melantius* is return'd

In

The Maids Tragedie.

In safety, victory sits on his sword
As she was wont; may she build there & dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath beene,
Only thy valour and thy innocence.
What endlesse treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am but poore in words, but credit me young man,
Thy mother could no more but weepe, for joy to see tkee
After long absencz: all the wounds I have,
Fercht not so much away, nor all the cryes
Of widdowed mothers: but this is peace,
And what was warre?

Amin. Pardon thou holy God
Of marriage bed, and frowne not, I am forc't
In answer of such noble teares as those,
To weepe upon my wedding day.

Mel. I feare thou art growne too sicke, for I heare
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not:

Anni. She had my promise, but the King forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister
Accompanied with graces above her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her armes.

Mel. Be prosperous.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord, the Maskers rage for you;

Lif. We are gone.

Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

An. We'll all attend you, we shall trouble you,
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so *Amintor*.
But if you laugh at my rude carriage,
In peace, Ile doe as much for you in warre
When you come thither: yet I have a Mistresse:
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,
I have a Mistresse, and she has a heart.

She.

The Maids Tragedie.

She saies, but trust me, it is stome, no better,
There is no place that I can challenge in't,
But you stand still, and here my way lyes. *Exit.*

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, looke to the doores better for shame: you
let in all the world, and anone the King will ralle at me:
why very well faid, by Iove the King will have the shew i'th
Court.

Diag. Why doe you sweare so my Lord?
You know heele have it heere.

Cal. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

Cal. One may swear his heart out with swearing, and get
thanks on no side, He be gone, looke to't who will,

Diag. My Lord, I will never keepe them out.
Pray itay, your lookes will terrifie them.

Cal. My lookes terrifie them, youcoxcomibly affe you, He
be judg'd by all the company, whether thou haist not a worse
face then I-

Diag. I meane because they know you, and your office.

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat
quite through my office, I might have made roome at my
daughters wedding, they had nere kild her amongst them.
And now I must doe service for him that hath forsaken her,
serve that will. *Exit Calianax.*

Diag. Hee's so [humorous] since his daughter was forsa-
ken: harke, harke, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.
What now? *Within* *knock within.*

Mel. Open the doore.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. Melantius.

Diag. I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope with you,
for if you doe, I must returns them. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. None but this Lady Sir.

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, save thole that
come in the Kings troope, the best of Rhodes fit there,
and

And a Lady,

The Maids Tragedie

and there's roome: of the roome I exhort you and her and W

Mel. I thanke you Sir: when I have seen you placed my dame, I must attend the King, but this maske done, we wait on you againe.

Diag. Stand backe there, roome for my Lord Melantius, pray beare backe, this is no place for such youthis and their truls, let the dooress shut agen; I doe your heads itch? He scratch them for you: so now thrust and hang: againe, who ist now, I cannot blame my Lord Calianax for going away, would he were here, he would run raging along them, and break a dozen wiser heads then his owne: in the twinkling of an eye: what's the newes now? I hardly knowe *Within* I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the Master Cooke?

Diag. If I open the dooore Ile Cooke some of your Calves-heads Peace roguers:—againe, who ist? *Within* A

Mel. Melantius *Within*, Exeter Calianax is Melantius.

Cal. Let him not in. *Within* (Exeter doth not ent're)

Diag. O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plac't?

Mel. Yes Sir, I thank you, my Lord Calianax well met, Your causleffe hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes I doe service for your Sister here, *Within* I do That brings my owne poore child to timeleffe death, She loves your friend *Within*, such an other false-hearted Lord as you.

Mel. You doe me wrong, *Within* doth wot no secret and T. *Within* A most unmanly one, and I am slow, *Within* and stiffe of witt, In taking vengeance, but be well advised.

Cal. It may be so: who plac'd the Lady thicke so neare the presence of the King?

Mel. I did, *Within* to my shame I will say it.

Cal. My Lord she must not sit there, *Within* he will be a

Mel. Why? *Within* I will say it: doth not a man want

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth then she is will become your age, *Within* And place to be thus womanish, forbearc,

The Maids Tragedie.

What you have spoke I am content to thinke
The palsey shooke your tonge to.

Cal. Why this well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and
through my self that poore sickly wchke that I haue
away from thencey doth not soyl you if anyt shold sayng

Cal. Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Batt the King, and be he flesh and bloud that doth not
A lyes that sayes it, thy mother at fiftene yere old you haue
Was blake and sinfull to her, bluo wchke and swet wchke bluo wchke

Disq. Good my Lord, did not I abend to you this b (man)

Mel. Some god pluckt threescore yeeres from that fond

That I may kill him and not staine mine honour,

It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace

They shall be bran'd, by such ignoble men,

As (if the land were troubled) would with teares

And knees beg succour from 'em, wold that bloud.

(That sea of bloud) that I have lost in fight,

Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee

Apt to say lese, or able to maintaine,

Shouldst thou lay more, This Rhodes I see is nought

But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong, and helme no wchke

Cal. I, you may say, your pleasure. *Enter Amintor.*

Amintor. What vilde injurie haue you two yon agayn me
Has sturdely worthy friend, whiche is now in my powre
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heape of age, which I shold reverence

If it were temperate, but testy yester day yon haue agayn me
Are most contemptible vices now in me

Amintor. Good sir forbear, bluo wchke bluo wchke

Cal. There is just such another as your selfe

Amintor. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,

And talke as if he had no life to lose, from abhord vchke

Since this our match: the King is comming in,

I would not for more wealth then I enjoy,

He shold perceve your ragging, he did heare

You were at difference now, which hastned him, as soyl he

Cal. Make roome there.

The Maids Tragedie

Hoboyes play within.

Enter King, Euadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. Melantius thou art welcomer and my love
Is with thee still; but this is not a place
To brabble in; Callanax, joyne hands.

Cal. He shall not have my hand.

King. This is no time
To force you to't, I doe love you both,
Callanax; you looke well to your office,
And you Melantius are welcome home.

Begin the Maske.

Mel. Sister I joy to see you, and your choyle,
You looke with my eyes when you Cooke that man,
Be happy in him.

Euad. O my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyfull then this day can be unto me.

The Maske.

Night rises in miste.

Nigh. Our raigne is come, for in the raging sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day:
Bright Cimbia heare my voice, I am the night,
For whom thou bearst about thy borrowed light,
Appeare, no longer thy pale vifage shrowd,
But strike thy silver horne quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to waite on our solemnities.

Enter Cimbia;

How dull and blacke am I? I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind,
Me thinkes they shew like to those Esterne streakes
That warne us hence before the morning breakes,
Back my pale servant, for these eyes know how

The Maids Tragedie.

To shooe farre more and quicker rayes then thou.

Cinth. Great Queene, they be a troope for whom alone
One of my clearest moones I have put on,
A troope that lokkes as if thy selfe and I
Had pluckt our raines in, and our whips layd by
To gaze upon these Mortals, that appear
Brighter then we.

Night. Then let us keepe 'em here,
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our places and out-shine the day. (speake

Cinth. Great Queene of shadowes, you are pleas'd to
Of more then may be done, we may not breake
The gods decrees, but, when our time is come,
Most drive away and give the day our roome,
Yet whilst our raigne lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented houre,
With such unwonted tolerante grace and state
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beames & wish the night
Crown'd with a thousand stars, & our cold light:
For almost all the world their service bend,
To *Phabus*, and in vaine my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

Nigh. Then shine at full, faire Queene, and by thy power
Produce a birth to crowne this happy houre,
Of Nymphs and shepheards, let their songs discover
Easie and sweet, who is a happy Lover,
Or if thou woot, then call thine owne *Endymion*
From the sweet flowry bed he lyes upon,
On *Lotinus* top, thy pale beames drawne away,
And of this long night let him make a day. (mine)

Cinth. Thou dream'st darke Queene, that fair boy was not
Nor went I downe to kisse him, case and wine
Have bred these bold tales, Poets when they rage
Turne Gods to men, and make an houre an age,
But I will give a greater state and glory, And

The Maids Tragedie.

And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these Lovers are; rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deepes, thy surges layd away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

Neptune rises.

Nep. Cimhis see.
Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know
Why I ascend.

Cimh. Doth this majesticke show;
Give thee no knowledge yet?

Nep. Yes now I see
Some thing intended *Cimhis* worthy thee,
Goe on, Ile be a helper.

Cimh. Hie thee then,
And charge the wind flie from his rockie den,
Let loose thy subjects, onely *Boreas*
Too foule for our intention as he was,
Still keepe him fast chain'd, we must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appeare,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad Bowes sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.
These are our musicke; next, thy watry race
Bring on in couples: we are pleasd to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your owne deeps or the broken vessel brings;
Be prodigall, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.

*Nep. Hoe the wind
Commanding *Eolus*.*

*Enter *Eolus* out of a rocke.*

*Eol. Great *Neptune*,*

Nep. He.

Eol. What is thy will?

Nep. We doe command thee free

Favonius and thy milder winds to wait
Upon our *Cimhis*, but tye *Boreas* straight,
He's too rebellious.

Eol. I shall doe it.

The Maids Tragedie.

Nep. Doe, great master of the cloud, and all below; thy full command has taken,

Eol. Hoe! the Maine; Neptune,

Nep. Heere

Eol. Boers has broke his chaine,
And strugling with the rest has got away.

Nep. Let him alone, Ile take him up at sea,
He will not long be thence, goe once againe
And call out of the bottomies of the Mainc,
Blew Protheus, and the rest, charge them put on
Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stone
The beating rocke breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemne honour to the Moone,
Flie like a full saile.

Eol. I am gone.

Cin. Darke night
Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right
To this great Chorus, that our Musick may
Touch high as heaven, and make the East break day
At mid-night.

Song. Cynthia to thy power and them

we obey.

Joy to this great company, and no day

Come to steale this night away,

Till the rites of love are ended,

And the lusty Bridegroom say,

Welcome light of all befriended,

Pace out you warry powers below,

Let your feete

Like the gallies when they row

even beate,

Let your unknowne messages be

To the still windes, tell to all

That gods are come immortall great,

To

The Maid's Tragedie.

To honour thiſ great Nuptiall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold backe thy bouyes darke night till we have done.

The day will come too ſoon.

Young Maids will curſe thee if thou fleſt away,

And leaſt their bluſhes open to the day.

Stay, stay, and bide

the bluſhes of the Bride.

Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſſe poron

the kiffes of her Lover.

Stay and confound her teares and her ſorill cryngs,

Her weake denials, vortes, and often dyngs,

Stay and bide all, but helpe not though ſee call.

Nep. Great Quene of us and heaven,

Hear what I bring to make thiſ houre a full one,

If not her measure.

Cimb. Speake Seas King.

Nep. Thy tunes my Amphitrite joyes to haue,

When they will dance upon the riſing wave,

And court me as the ſayles, my Trytons play

Musicke to lead a ſtorme, Ile lead the way.

Song. Measure.

To bed, to bed, come Hymen lead the Bride,

And lay her by her husbands ſide:

Bring in the Virgins every one

I haue grieve to lie alone:

That they may kiffe while they may ſay, a maid,

To morrow twill be other kiff and ſaid:

Heſperus be long a ſpinning,

Whilſt theſe Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho Neptune.

Nept. Eolus.

Eol. The Seas goe hie,

Boreas hath rais'd a ſtorme, goe and applic

Thy

The Maid's Tragedie.

Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away :
Descend with all the gods, and all their power
To strike a Calme.

Cin. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service done at my desire,
Ye shall have many flouds fuller and higher
Then you have wist for, no Ebbe shall dare,
To let the day see where your dwellings are :
Now backe unto your government in haft,
Lest your proud charge shoud fwell above the waft,
And win upon the Iland.

Nep. We obey. *Neptune defends,
and the Sea-gods.*

Cimb. Hold up thy head dead night; seest thou not day ?
The East begins to lighten, I must downe
And give my brother place.

Nigh. Oh I could frowne
To see the day, the day that flings his light,
Upon my Kingdome, & contemnes old Night,
Let him goe on and flame, I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his Axletree,
And all false drencht, but I forgot, speak Queene,
The day growes on, I must no more be feene.

Cin. Heave up thy drowsie head agen, and see,
A greater light, a greater Majestie,
Betweene our self and us, whip up thy teame,
The day breakes here, and yon same flashing stame
Shot from the South, say, which way wilt thou goe ?

Nigh. Ile vanish into milts.

Cimb. I into day.

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed,
We will not see you laid, good night *Animor*,
We'l ease you of that tedious ceremony,
Were it my case, I should thinke time run slow,
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my Kingdome from my foes.

Amin.

Exeunt.

Fini. Mask.

Amis. All happiness to you.
King. Good night Melantius.

Euad.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Euadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

D^UL. Madame, shall we undresse you for this fight
The warres are nak't that you must make to night.

Euad. You are very merry Dula.

Dula. I should be farre merrier Madame, if it were with me
As it is with you.

Euad. Why how now wench?

Dula. Come Ladics, will you helpe?

Euad. I am soone undone.

Dula. And as soone done:

Good stoor of clothes wil trouble you at bothe.

Euad. Art thou drunke Dula?

Dula. Why heer's none but we.

Euad. Thou think'ft belike there is no modesty
When we are alone.

Dula. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Euad. You pricke me Lady.

Dula. Tis against my will,

Anon you must endure more, and lye still.
You're best to practise.

Euad. Sure this wench is mad.

Dula. No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteene.

Euad. Tis high time to leave it:

Dula. Nay, now Ile keep it till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your husbands bed.

Euad. Nay faith then take it.

Dula. Take it Madame, where?
We all I hope will take it that are here.

C

Euad.

The Maids Tragedie.

Eyad. Nay then Ile give you ore.

Dul. So will I make

The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.

Eyad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

Eyad. What wilt thou doe?

Dul. Madam weel do't, and make'm leave play too.

Eyad. Aspatia take her part.

Dul. I will refuse it.

She will pluck downe a side, she does not use it.

Eyad. Why doe.

Dul. You will find the play

Quickly, because your head lyes well that way.

Eyad. I thanke thee Dul, would thou couldst instill

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast doe dwell,

Me thinkes a meane betwixt you would doe well.

Dul. She is in love; hang me if I were so,

But I could run my countrey, I love too

To doe those things that people in love doe.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheeke,

If were a fitter houre for me to laugh,

When at the Altar the religious Rrife

Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, than now, this should have beene

My night, & all your hands have beene imployed

In giving me a spotlesse offering

To young Amitors bed, as we are now

For you: pardon Eyadne, would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,

Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthlesse,

But till he did so, in these eares of mine;

(These credulous eares) he powr'd the sweetest words

That art or love could frame, if he were false,

Pardon it heaven, and if I did want

Virtue, you safely may forgive that too,

For I have left none that I had from you.

Eyad.

The Maids Tragedie.

Euad. Nay, leave this sad talke Madam.

Alpat. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.

Euad. See if you have not spoyl'd all Dul's mirth.

Alpat. Thou thinkst thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught, remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire shot sudden'y into thee.

Dul. That's not so good, let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I feare 'em not.

Alpat. Well wench, thou mayst be taken.

Euad. Ladies good night, I doe the rest my selfe.

Dul. Nay, let your Lord doe some.

Alp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal Yew.

Euad. Thars one of your sad songs Madam.

Alp. Beleeve me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Euad. How is it Madam?

Song.

Alp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew,
Maidens willow branches bear, say I dyed true:
My Love was false, but I was firme, from my houre of birth,
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.

Euad. Fie ont Ma dam, the words are so strange, they are able to make one dreame of Hobgoblins: I could never have

the power, sing that *Dula*.

Dula. I could never have the power

To love one above an houre,

But my heart would prompt mine eye

On some other man to fli.

Venus fixe mine eyes fast,

Or if not, give me all that I shall see at laft.

Euad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you layd.

Alp. Madam good night, may all the marriage joyes
That longing maidis imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you, may no discontent
Grow twixt your Love and you, but if there does
Enquire of me, and I will guide your mone,
Teach you an artificiall way to grieve,

The Maides Tragedie

To keepe your sorrow waking, love your Lord
No worse than I, but if you love so well,
Alas you may displease him, so did I,
This is the last time you shall looks on me
Ladies farewell, as soone as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my heare,
Bring each a mourafull story and a teare
To offer at it when I goe to earth:
With flattering Ivie clipse my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my Beere
Be borne by Virgines that shall sing by course
The truth of Maids and perjuries of men.

Eusad. Alas, I pity thee.

Exit Eusadie.

Omnes. Madam good night.

1. Lady. Come, weele let in the Bridegroomme.

Dul. Wheres my Lord?

1. Lady. Here take this light. Enter Amision.

Dul. Youle find her in the darke.

1. Lady. Your Ladie scarce a bed yet, you must help her.

Ap. Go and be happy in your Ladie love, wind you no

May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death,
Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kisse, and will not be denied.
You'l come my Lord, and see the Virgines weep
When I am layd in earth, though you your selfe
Can know no pitty: thus I windc my selfe
Isto this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me,
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and dye.

Dul. Come Ladies, will you goe? Exit Apollonia.

Om. Good night my Lord.

Am. Much happiness unto you all. Exit Ladies.

I did that Lady wrong; me thinkes I feel
Her griefe shoot suddenly through all my seince, now that

Mine.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mine eyes run, this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping—— why doe I
Purplex my selfe thus? something whispers me,
Goe not to bed: my guilt is not so great
As mine owne conscience (too sensible)
Would make me chinke; I onely brake a promise,
And twas the King that forc'd me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle fears. *Enter Euadne.*
Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things: Oh my Euadne spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the night will not fall here.
To bed my Love, *Hymen* will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Can'st thou to call me?

Euadne. No.

Amin. Come, come, my Love,
And let us loose our selves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?

Euadne. I am not well.

Amin. To bed, then let me wende thee in these armes,
Till I have banisht sicknesse.

Euadne. Good my Lord I cannot sleep.

Amin. *Euadne* weel watch, I meane no sleeping:

Euadne. Ile not goe to bed.

Amin. I prethee doe.

Euadne. I will not for the world.

Amin. Why my deere Love?

Euadne. Why? I have sworne I will not.

Amin. Sworne! *Euadne.* I.

Amin. How? Sworne *Euadne*?

Euadne. Yes, sworne *Amin*, and will swearre againe,
If you will wish to heare me.

Amin. To whom have you sworne this?

Euadne. If I should name him, the matter were not great.

The Maids Tragedie.

Amin. Come, this is but the coynesse of a Bride.

Euad. The coynesse of a Bride?

Amin. How prettily that frowne becomes thee!

Euad. Doe you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a looke

But I shall like it.

Euad. What looke likes you best?

Amin. Why doe you aske?

Euad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. How's that?

Euad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy jests in milder lookes.

It shewes as thou wert angry.

Euad. So perhaps I am indeed.

Amin. Why who has done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thy selfe I sweare,

Thy yet unconquered selfe I will revenge thee.

Euad. Now I shall try thy truth, if thou doest love me,

Thou weighst not any thing compar'd with me,

Life, honour, joyes eternall, all delights

This world can yeeld, or hopefull people faile,

Or in the life to come are light as ayre,

To a true Lover when his Lady frownes,

And bids him doe this: wilt thou kill this man?

Sweare my Amistor, and Ile kisse the sin

Off from thy Lips.

Amin. I will not sweare sweet Love,

Till I doe know the caute.

Euad. I wood thou wouldst,

Why it is thou that wrongest me, I hate thee,

Thou shouldst have kild thy selfe.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill

The man you hated.

Euad. Know it then, and do it.

Amin. Oh no, what looke soere thou shalt put on,

To try my faith, I shall not thinke thee false,

I cannot finde one blemish in thy face,

Where

The Maids Tragedie.

Where falsehood should abide, leave and to bed,
If you have sworne to any of the virgins
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.

Evad. A maidenhead *Amintor* at my yeares?

Amin. Sure she raves, this cannot be
Thy naturall temper, shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthfull sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy bloud.

Evad. Neither *Amintor*, think you I am mad,
Because I speake the truthe?

Amin. Will you not lye with me to night?

Ev. To night? you talk as if I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter? yes I doe.

Evad. You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with pa-
What I shall utter, for the Oracle. (tience marke.
Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

Amin. I dreame, — awake *Amintor*.

Evad. You heare i right,
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthfull bloud warme th: ir cold flesh,
Letting them curle themselves about my limbes,
Than sleepe one night with thee; this is not faid,
Nor sounds it like the coyns life of a bride.

Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joyes of marriage? *Hymen* keepe
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonys) from all cares.
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine
To after ages, we will scorne thy lawes,
If thou no better blesse them, touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me or thee world
Shal know there's not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee, we will adopt us sonnes,
Then vertue shall inherit, and not bloud:

If we doe lust, wee'le take the next we meet,
Serving our selves as other creatures doe,
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I doe rage in vain,
She can but jest ; Oh pardon me my love,
So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must breake forth ; satisfie my feare :
It is a paine beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt ; confirme it with an oath,
If this be true.

Eusd. Doe you invent the forme,
Let there be in it all the binding words
Divels and Conjurors can put together,
And I will take it ; I have sworne before,
And here by all things holy doe againe,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now ?

Amin. I know too much, would I had doubted still :
Was ever such a marriage night as this ?
You powers above, if you did ever meane
Man shoud be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may beare himselfe and save his honour :
Instruct me in it ; for to my dull eyes
There is no meane, no moderate course to run.
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer :
Is there a third ? why is this night so calme ?
Why does not heaven speake in thunder to us,
And drown her voyce ?

Eusd. This rage will doe no good.

Amin. *Eusdne*, heare me, thou hast tane an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keepe it, were
Worse than to sweare it : call it backe to thee,
Such vowes as those never ascend the heaven,
A teare or two will wash it quite away :
Have mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pittifull, for (without boast)
This land was proud of me : what Lady was there

That

The Maids Tragedie.

That men cald faire and vertuous in this Ile,
That wold have shund my love? It is in thee

To make me hold this worth — Oh we vaine men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weake and yelding hand
Of feeble women, but thou art not stome;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love, thy heart cannot be hard.
Come lead me from the bottome of despaire,
To all the joyes thou haft, I know thou wilt,
And make me carefull lest the sudden change
Ore-come my spirits.

Evad. When I call backe this oath, the paines of hell invi-
ron me.

Amin. I sleape, and am too temperate, come to bed, or by
Thoſe haires, which if thou haſt a ſoule like to thy locks,
Were thredes for Kings to weare
About their armes,

Evad. Why ſo perhaps they are.

Amin. Ie dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
Ie print a thouſand wounds to let out life.

Evad. I feare thee not, doe what thou darſt to me,
Every ill ſounding word, or threatening looke
Thou ſhew'ſt to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amin. It will not ſure *Evadne*.

Evad. Doe not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha ye your Champions?

Evad. Alas *Aminor*, thinkſt thou I forbearde
To ſleepe with thee, because I have put on
A maidens ſtriftneſſe? looke upon these cheekeſ, and ſee
And thou ſhalt find the hot and riſing blood
Unapt for ſuch a yow, no, in this heart
There dwells as much deſire, and as much will
To put that wiſt act in practiſe, as ever yet
Was knowne to woman, and they haue beeene ſhowne
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,

The Maide Tragedie.

To thinke this beauty (to what land ~~there~~^{is} it shall be cal'd) shall loope to any ~~lecon~~^{land}.
I doe ~~en~~joy the best, and in that light
Have sworne to stand, or die : you guesse the man.

Amin. No, let the know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into morses,
And scatter it before the Northern wind.

Evd. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Doe not wrong me so,
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,
That it were deare to touch, I have a soule
Will throw me on him.

Evd. Why tis the King.

Amin. The King ?

Evd. What will you doe now ?

Amin. Tis not the King.

Evd. What did he make this match for dull *Aminior* ?

Amin. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that ~~wipes~~^{all} away
All thoughts revengfull : in that sacred name,
The King, there lyes a terror : what fraile man
Dares lift his hand against it ? let the Gods
Speake to him when they please, till when let us
Suffer, and waite.

Evd. Why shold you fill your selfe so full of heate,
And haite so to my bed ? I am no virgin.

Amin. What divell put it in thy fancy then
To marry me ?

Evd. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to beare the name
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be
More honourable.

Amin. What a strange thing am I ?

Evd. A miserable one, one that my selfe
Am sorry for.

Amin. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pittie, though thy love be none,
Kill me, and all true lovers that shall live

The Maids Tragodie.

In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall blesse thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a llingring wretch.

Evad. I must have one
To fill thy roome againe, if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I woulde : I pitthy thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have false
So thicke upon me, that I loose all sense
Of what they are : me thinks I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it — Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast shoune
An impudence so high, that to the world
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

Evad. To cover shame I cooke thee, never feare
That I would blaze my selfe.

Amin. Nor let the King,
Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, that my selfe
Could beare with patience, and it is some easse
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I toucht thee ; else had all the finnes
Of mankind stood betwix t me and the King,
I had gone through' em to his heart and thine,
I have lost one deare, tis not his crowne
Shall buy me to thy bed : now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee, give me thy hand,
Be carefull of thy credit, and sin close,
Tis still with, upon thy chamber floore
Ile rest to night, that morning visitors
May thinke we did as married people use,
And prethee smile upon me when they come,
And seeme to toy, as if thou hadst beene please'd
With what we did.

Evad. Feare not, I will doe this.

Amin. Come let us practise, and as wantonly

The Maides Tragedie.

As ever loving bride and bridegroome met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

Evd. I am content.

Amin. Downte all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we walke thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree.

Exit. T

Enter Alys, Antiphila, Olympia.

Alys. Away, you are not sad, force it no further,
Good gods, how well you looke! such a full colour
Yong bashfull brides put on; here you are new married.

Aus. Yes Madame to your griefe.

Alys. Alas poore wenches, goe learn to love first, learn to lose your selyes,
Learne to be flattered, and believe, and blefe
The double tongue that did it, make to variedly use
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers.
Did you nere love yet wenches? speake Olympia, know I tell
Such as speake truth and dy'd int,
And like me believe all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou haft an easie temper, fit for stampes.

Olymp. Never.

Alys. Nor you Antiphila, and I tell you, Norke of T

Alys. Then my good girl, be more then women, wife
At least, be more then I was, and be sure you chredit any
thing the light giveth to before as man; rather belied
the sea weepes for the ruin'd merchant when he sores, prae-sd
ther the wind courts but the pregnant sayles, when the
strong cordage crackes, rather the sunne comes but to kisse
the fruit in wealthy Autumn, when all falleas blated, if you
needs must love (forc'd by ill face) take to your maidenbed
somes two dead cold aspicks, and of them make lovers, they
cannot flatter nor forswear; one kisse makes a long peace
for all; but man, oh that beast man! come to him and say
Come lets be sad my girl, and if he sayes you are good but
That downe cast of thine eye Olympia
Shewes a fine sorrow; marke Antiphila, how I, on o're
Iust such another was the Nymph *Audra*.

The Maides Tragedie

When *Paris* brought home *Helen*: now a teare,
And then thou art a pecece expressing fully
The *Carthaginian* Queen, when from a cold sea rocke,
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes,
To the faire *Troian* shippes, and having lost them,
Iust as thine eyes doe, downe stole a teare *Antiphila*:
What would this wench doe, if she were *Astarte*?
Here she would stand, till some more pittyng god
Turnd her to marble; 'tis enough my wench,
Shew me the pecece of needle worke you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne* Madam?

Afp. Yes that pecece,
This should be *I* before *hessem*, has a couisening face,
You meant him for a man.

Ant. He was so Madam.

Afp. Why then 'tis well enough, never looke backe,
You have a full wind, and a falle heart *Ihessem*,
Does not the story say, his Keele was split,
Or his Masts spent, or some kinde rocke or other
Met with his vessell?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Afp. It should ha beene so, could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storne,
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well express'd,
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so *Antiphila*,
In this place worke a quicke sand, And over it a hallow smiling water,
And his ship plowing it, and then a feare,
Doe that feare to the lifs wench?

Ant. Twill wrong the storie.

Afp. Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets,
Live long and be beleev'd; but where's the Lady?

Ant. There Madam.

Afp. Fie, you have miss it here *Antiphila*, smaller'd of thee,
You are much mistaken wench; These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soule so full of misery.

The Maid's Tragedie.

As this sad Ladies was, doe it by me,
Doe it againe, by me the lost *Afantis*,
And you shall find all true but the wilde Islands,
I stand upon the sea-breach now, and thinke
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,
Wilde as that desart, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, doe my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Amiphila* strive to make me looke
Like sorrowes monument, and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leavelesse, let the rocks
Groane with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation, looke, looke wretchedes,
A miserable life of this poore picture.

Olim. Deere Madam.

Af. I have done, sit downe, and let us

Upon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there,
Make a dull silence till you feele a sudden sadnessse,
Give us new soniles.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may doe this, and he may not doe it,
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now hys wifes?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still? up you young
Lazie whores, up or Ile swenge you.

Olim. Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll die downe shortly, get you in and worke
What are you growne so resty? you want heaves,
We shall have some of the Court boyes doe that office.

Ant. My Lord, we doe no more then weare charg'd?
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus ingriefe,
Shee is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue to you, you're a rogue to me,
A yong dissembling slave, well, get you in,
Ile have a bout with that boy, 'tis high time
Now to be valiant, I confessie my youth
Was never prone that way: what made an *Afantis*?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant
And beate some dozen of these whelpes, I will, and there's

a

Another

The Maids Tragedie. T

Ano:ther of' m, a trim cheating souldier,
Ile maule that rascall, has out-brav'd me twice,
But now I thanke the gods I am valiant,
Goe, get you in, Ile take a course withall. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

CLEON. Your sister is not up yet.
Diph. Oh, Brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is trouble for me.

Strato. But not tedious.

Diph. What ods, hee has not my sisters maiden-head to

Strato. No, its pds against any Bridegrome living he nere
gets it while he lives.

Diph. Yare merry with my sister, you le pleaseth to allow
me the same freedome with your mother.

Strato. Shee's sat your service.

Diph. Then shee's merry enough of her selfe, shee needs not
tickling, knocke at the doore.

Strato. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the yeere before them.
Good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the night will
come againe.

Enter Aminior.
Amin. Whos there, my brother? I am no readier yet,

your sister is but now up.

Diph. You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I
think you ha not slept.

Amin. I faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better ther.

Amin. We ventured for a boy, when he is twelve,
A shall command against the foes of Rhodes,

Strato. You cannot, you want sleepe.

Amin. 'Tis true, but shee

UMI

The Maids Tragedie.

As if she had drunke Lethe, or had made
Even with heaven, did fetch so still a sleepe,
So sweete and sounde.
Diph. Whats that?

Amin, Your sister frets this morning, and does turne her eyes upon me, as people on their headsman, she does chafe, and kisse, and chafe againe, and clap my cheekes, shes in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not
got her maiden-head to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mocke me, y'ad lost indeed,
I doe not use to bungle.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was so rude and rough to me, last night
Was sweet as Aprill, Ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects. Enter Melanious.

Meli: Good day *Aminta*, for to me the name
Of brother is too distant, we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Deare Melantius.
Let me behold thee, is it possible?

Mel. What hidden gaze is this?
Amin. Tis wondrous strange.
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knowes so well? there's nothing here
That is not thine.

Anthe. I wonder much Melanthius. To see those noble looks that make me thinke How vertuous thou art, and on the sudden 'Tis strang to me, thou shouldest have worth and honour, Or not be base and false, and treacherous, And every ill. But

Me! Stay, stay my friend, never let him have my child.
I fear this sound will not become our loves: no more sim-

Amin. Oh mistake me not, (brace me.
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,

That

The Maids Tragedie.

That we fraile men call good, but by the course
Of nature thou shouldest be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds, dissembling, as the sea,
That now weares browes as smooth as virgines be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,
And in an houre calis his billowes up,
And shoots' em at the Sun destroying all
A carries on him. O how neare am I afide,
To utter my sicke thoughts!

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feele no want.

Mel. Beleeve me, this complement tooe cunning for me.

Dip. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both rob'd me of so much vertue?

Stra. O call the bride, my Lord *Aminstor*, that wee may
see her blush, and turne her eyes downe, it is the prettiest
sport.

Amin. *Eradne.*

Erad. My Lord.

Amin. Come forth my love, Wishin.
Your brothers doe attend to wish you joy.

Erad. I am not ready yet.

Amin. Enough, enough.

Erad. They're mocke me.

Amin. Faith thou shalt come in.

Enter Eradnes.

Mel. Good morrow sister, he that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.
You have enougih, take heed you be not proud.

Dipb. O sister what have you done?

Erad. I done, why what have I done?

Stra. My Lord *Aminstor* sweares you are no maid now.

Erad. Push.

Stra. I faith he does.

Erad. I knew I should be mockt.

Dipb. With a truth.

E

Erad.

The Maides Tragedie.

Eavad. If twere to doe againe, in faith I would not marry.

Amin. Not I by heaven.

Dip. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two roomes off.

Eavad. Fie how you talke.

Diph. Lets see you walke.

Eavad. By my troth y'are spoild.

Mel. Amintor.

Amin. Ha.

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who I? I thanke you for that, shall Diphilus thou and I sing a catch?

Mel. How? Amin. Prethee lets.

Mel. Nay that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightned with my happiness: how dost thou love? kisse me.

Eavad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen, Would you had all such wives, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder, y'are all sad;

What doe you envie me? I walke me thinkes

On water, and nere fiske, I am so light.

Mel. Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well? how can I be other when she lookes thus?

Is there no musikke there? let's dance.

Mel. Why? this is strange, Amintor.

Amin. I do not know my self, yet I could wish my joy were

Dip. He marry too, if it will make one thus.

Eavad. Amintor hark.

Amin. What sayes my love? I must obey.

Eavad. You doe it scurvily, twill be perceiv'd.

Cle. My Lord the King is here. Enter King and Lifs.

Amin. Where? Stra. And his brother.

King. Good morrow all, I

Amintor. joy on joy fall thicke upon thee,

And Madame you are aler'd since I saw you,

I must salute you, you are now anothers,

How lik't you your nights rest?

Eavad. Ill Sir.

Amin. I. deed she tooke but little.

Lifs.

The Maids Tragedie.

Lis. You'll let her take more, and thanke her too shortly.

King. Aminor were thou truly honest till thou were
Amin. Yes sir. (married?)

King. Tell me then, how shewes the sport unto thee?

Amin. Why well. *King.* What did you doe?

Amin. No more nor lesse than other couples use,
You know what tis, it has but a course name.

King. But prethee, I should thinke by her blacke eye,
And her red cheeke, she should be quicke and stirring
In this same busynesse, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I here tride other sir, but I perceve
She is as quicke as you delivered.

King. Well, you le trust me then *Aminor*,
To choose a wife for you agen.

Amin. No never sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill?

Amin. So well I like her,

For this I bow my knee in thankes to you,
And unto heaven will pay my gratefull tribute
Hourly, and doe hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And dye both full of gray haire in one day,
For which the thanks is yours, but if the powers
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her roome.

King. I doe not like this, all forbear the roome
But you *Aminor* and your Lady, I have some speech with
you, that may concerne your after living well.

Amin. A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he doe,
Something heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this arme of mine to acts unlawfull.

King. You will suffer me to talke with her *Aminor*,
And not have a jealous pang.

Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talke, and not be jealous.

King. How doe you like *Aminor*?

The Maids Tragedie.

Evad. As I did first. King. how's that?

Evad. As one that to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.

King. I see there is no lasting faith in man,
They that breake word with heaven, will breake again
With all the world, and so doest thou with me.

Evad. How sir?

King. This subtile womans ignorance
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes
So great, me thought they did not well become
A womans mouth, that thou wouldest neare enjoy
A man but me.

Evad. I never did sweare so, you doe me wrong.

King. Day and night have heard it.

Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place, but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne, I love with my ambition,
Not with my eies, but if I ever yet
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here
Upon my face, which for your royalty
I would not staine.

King. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me,
To punish thee.

Evad. Why, it is in me then, not to love you, which will
More affilte your body, then your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let Amision lye with thee.

Evad. I haue not.

King. Impudence, he fayes himselfe so.

Evad. A lies. King. A does not.

Evad. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
Ile prove it so, I did not shun him for a night,
But told him, I would never close with him.

King. Speake lower, tis false.

Evad. I no man to answer with a blow, (true)
Or if I were, you are the King, but urge me hot, tis most
King.

The Maid's Tragodie.

King. Doe not I know the uncontroul'd thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high,
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? is not his spirit
Though he be tempcrate, of a valiant straine,
As this our age hath knowne? what could he doe
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kild thee,
He could not beare it thus, he is as we
Or any other wrong'd man;

Euad. It is dissembling,

King. Take him, farewell, henesforth I am thy foe,
And what disgraces I can blot thee, looke for.

Euad. Stay sir; *Aminta*, you shall heare *Aminta*.

Aminta. What my Love?

Euad. *Aminta*, thou hast an ingenious looke,
And shouldest be vertuous, it amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lies.

Aminta. What my deare wife?

Euad. Deare wife? I doe despise thee,
Why nothing can be baser than to sow
Diffention amongst Lovers.

Aminta. Lovers? vwho?

Euad. The King and me.

Aminta. O heaven!

Euad. Who should live long and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthankes as thy selfe.
Did you lie with me? sweare now, and be punished in hell.
For this.

Aminta. The faithlesse sin I made
To faire *Aspatia*, is not yet reveng'd,
It followes me, I will not loose a word
To this wild woman, but to you my King,
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth,
Y'are a tyrant, and not so much to wrong;
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.

The Mardon Tragedie.

Euad. Now sir, see how lowd this fellow lied.

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Men must right themselves : what punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
It is not death, nor can that satisfie,
- Unless I send your lives through all the Land,
To shew how nobly I have freed my selfe.

King. Draw not thy sword, thou knowest I cannot feare
A subjects hand ; but thou shalt feele the weight of this
If thou dostrage.

Amin. The weight of that ?
If you have any worth, for heavens sake thinke
I feare not swords, for as you are meere man
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare thinke to doe it ; but there is
Divinitie about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions : as you are my King
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine owne flesh, if it be your will.
Alas ! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs ; yet should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madnesse : for compare my injuries,
And they will well appeare too sad a weight
For reaon to endure, but fall, I first
Amongst ray sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things : but why ? I know not what
I have to say , why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousands fooles
Easie to work on, and of state enough
Within the Iland.

Euad. I would not have a foole, it were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and worse :

Thou that darst talke unto thy husband thus,
Professe thy selfe a whore ; and more then so,
Resolve to be so still, it is my fate
To beare and bow beneath a thousand griefes,

To

The Maides Tragedie.

To keep that little credit with the world. (there
But there were wife ones too, you might have tane another
King. No, for I believe thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happiness:

Below' I upon me, turnes into disgrace,
Gods take your honesty againe, for I
Am loaden with it, good my Lord the King.
Be private in it.

King. Thou mayst live *Aminior*,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a meanes that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A baud, hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that, and through a sea of sinnes
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Paines here, and after life upon my soule.

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her,
And so leave you. Exit King.

Eud. You must be prating, and see what follows.

Amin. Prethe vex me not,
Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me, Exit.

Eud. I am gone, I love my life well. Exit Eud.

Amin. I hate mine as much,
This 'tis to break a troth, I should be glad,
If all this tide of griefe would make me mad. Exit.

Enter Melanctha. Enter Melanctha.

Mel. He know the cause of all *Aminior* grieves,
Or friendship shall beidle. Enter Calianax.

Cal. O Melanctha, my daughter will dye.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry, would thou hadst tane her room.
Cal. Thou art a slave, a cut-a-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave.

Mel. Take heed old man, thou wilst be heard to rave,
And losethine Offices.

Cal. I am valiant growne.

At

At

The Maids Tragedie.

At all these yeares, and thou art but a slave.

Mel. Leave, some company will come, and I respect
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. Ile spoyle your mirth, I mean to fight with thee,
There lye my cloake, this was my fathers sword,
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life?
Hence get thee to bed, have carefull looking to, and eate
warnie things, and trouble not mee: my head is full of
thoughts, more weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in warre, when you stand safe
A mongst a multitude, but I will try
What you dare doe unto a weake old man
In single fight, you'l ground I feare:
Come draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pulst thy death
Upon thee with a stroke, there's no one blow
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me:
Tempt me not so farre then, the power of earth
Shall not redeeme thee.

Cal. I must let him alone, he is not to be won to mee
He's stout and able, and to say the truth,
How ever I may set a face, and talke,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testie tricke I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life if you doe
stay.

Cal. I would give halfe my land that I durst fight with
that proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would
beat him till he aske me mercy.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone? *Cal.* I will not, I haue a man to hold.

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will goe home, and beate my
servants all over for this. *Exit Calanthe.*

Mel. This old fellow haunts me, But the distracted carriage of mine Am'ror
Takes

The Maides Tragedie.

Takes deeply on me, I will finde the cause,
I feare his conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aſpatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Mens eyes are not ſo ſubtil to perceive
My inward mifery, I beare my griefe
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then?
For ought I know, all husbands are like mee,
And every one I talke with of his wife,
Is but a well diſembler of his woes
As I am, would I knew it, for the rareneſſe
Afflicts me now.

Mel. *Amintor*, We have not enjoy'd our friendſhip of late,
for we were wont to charge our ſoules in talke,

Amin. *Melanious*, I can tell thee a good jefte of *Strato* and a
Lady the laſt day.

Mel. How waſt?

Amint. Why ſuſh an oddc one.

Mel. I have long'd to ſpeake with you, not of an idle jefte
that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me..

Amin. What is that my friend?

Mel. I have obſerv'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly, and all your carriage
Like one that strove to ſhew his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont
To put ſuſh ſcorne into your ſpeech, or weare
Upon your face ridiculouſe jollitie:
Some ſadneſſe fits here, which your cunning would
Cover ore with ſmiles, and twill not be:
What is it?

Amint. A ſadneſſe here? what cauſe
Can fate provide for me, to make me ſo?
Am I not lovd through all this Iſle? the King
Raines greatneſſe on me: have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keepes mounting fire, and on her tender checks,
Inevitablae colour, in her heart

F

A prison

The Maides Tragedie.

A prifon for all vertue, are not you,
Which is above all joyes, my constant friend ?
What fadnesse can I have ? no I am light ,
And feele the courses of my blood more warme
And stirring then they were ; faith mary too ,
And you will feele so unexpreſt a joy
In chraft embraces , that you will indeed
Appeare another.

Mel. You may ſhape, *Aminor*,
Caufes to cozen the whole world withall ,
And your ſelſe too , but tis not like a friend ,
To hide your ſoule from me : tis not your nature
To be thus idle, I have ſene you ſtand
As you were blaſted, midſt of all your mirth ,
Call thrice aloud, and then ſtart, fainting joy
So coldly : world ! what doe I here ? a friend
Is nothing : heaven ! I would ha told that man
My ſecret finnes, Ile ſearch an unknowne land ,
And there plant friendſhip, all is withered here ,
Come with a complement, I would have fought ,
Or told my friend a lied, ere ſoothd him ſo ;
Out of my boſome.

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse, farewel ;
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. *Melantius*, ſtay, you ſhall know what that is.

Mel. See how you playd with friendſhip, be adviſ'd
How you give cauſe unto your ſelſe to ſay ,
You ha loſt a friend.

Amin. Forgiue what I haue doe ,
For I am ſo ore-gone with injuries
Unheard of, that I loſe conſideration
Of what I ought to doe,—oh—oh.

Mel. Doe not weepe, what iſt ?
May I once but know the man
Hath turnd my friend thus ?

Amin. I had ſpoke at firſt, but that.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie:

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most unfit

For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keepe company
With thee in teares; hide nothing then from me,
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine owne armour ile adorne my selfe,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence,
What is it?

Amin. Why tis this,—it is too bigge
To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely heaven, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

Amin. Your sister.

Mel. Well said.

Amin. You'l wish't unknowne when you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredome with him.

Mel. How, this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed,
Thou couldst not utter this else, speake againe,
For I forgive it freely, tell thy grieves.

Amin. She's wanton, I am loth to say a whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet againe, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing downe, what are thy grieves?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What? am I tame?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of where upon my sister unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh be thou a witnesse for me,
With what unwillingnesse I goe to scourge

The Maides Tragedie.

This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend ;
I will not take thee basely, thy sword
Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashnesse to repentance, draw thy sword.

Amint. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as hic
As the wilde surges : thou shouldest doe me ease,
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorowes.

Mel. This is base,
And fearefull, they that use to utter lies,
Provide not blowes, but words to qualifie
The men they wrongd; thou haft a guilty cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger up above my griefes,
Which is a passion easier to be borne,
And I shall then be happy,

Mel. Take then more, to raise thine anger. Tis meere
Cowardise makes thee not draw, and I will leave thee dead
However, but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd, and fixe a scandall
Upon thy name for ever.

Amint. Then I draw,
As justly as our Magistrates their swords,
To cut offenders off; I knew before
Twould grate your eares, but it was base in you
To urge a waighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it, I shall bee at ease
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.

Mel. Stay a while,
The name offriend is more then family,
Or all the world besides; I was a fool.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake
To doe me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleepe away, would I had died ere knowne

This

The Maides Tragedie.

This sad dishonor, pardon mee my friend,
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart,
Pierce, it for I will never heave my hand
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,
I doe believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one, put up thy sword yong man.

Amin. How should I beare it then she being so ?
I feare my friend that you will lose me shortly,
And I shall doe a foule a^t on my selfe
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better halfe the land
Were buried quick together, no, *Amintor*,
Thou shalt have ease : O this adultrous King
That drew her to't, where got he the spirit
To wrong me so ?

Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you ?

Mel. Why not so much : the credit of our house
Is throwne away,
But from his iron den I'le waken death,
And hurle him on this King, my honesty
Shall steele my sword, and on its horrid point
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to looke on.

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Drie up thy watry eyes,
And cast a manly looke upon my face,
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee, still this swelling brest ;
I goe thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I finde my heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so, stay, mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this, but love and teares
Leave me a while, for I have hazarded
All that this world cals happy, thou hast wrought
A secret from me under name of friend,

The Maides Tragedie.

Which Art could neare have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosome, give it me agen,
For I will find it where soere it lies
Hid in the mortal't part, invent a way
To give it backe.

Mel. Why would you have it backe?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it backe from thee, for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stirre in this, and shame me
to posterity: take to thy weapon.

Mel. Hearre thy friend, that beares more yeares then thou.

Amin. I will not heare: but draw, or I —

Mel. Amior.

Amin. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be,
I cannot linger, draw.

Mel. I doe — but is not
My share of credit equall with thine,
If I do stirre?

Amin. No; for it will be cald
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fixe the name
Of fearefull cuckold, — O that word! be quicke.

Mel. Then joyne with me.

Amin. I dare not doe a finne, or else I would: be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a fin.
His grieve distractes him, call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy selfe pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will worke, I will not fight.

Amin. You must.

Mel. I will be kild first, though my passions
Offred the like to you, tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it, thinke a while,
For you are (I must weepe when I speake that)
Almost besides your selfe.

Amin. Oh my soft temper,

The Maides Tragedie.

So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I doe, yet have a care
Of me in what thou doest. (sive)

Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And feare to touch the throne of Majestie?

Amin. A curse will follow that, but rather live
And suffer with me.

Mel. I will doe what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amin. Faith I am sicke, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus I feele a kinde of ease.

Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.

Amin. I shall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you, looke up, weeble walke together,
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

Amin. Thy love, O wretched, I thy love *Melantius*, why
I have nothing else.

Mel. Be merry then: *Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.*

Mel. This worthy yong man may doe violence
Upon himselfe, but I have cherifht him,
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit againe, sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never faile me: *Diphilus*,
Thou comst as sent.

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has beene such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why our sister and the King,
I thought their spleenes would break,
They laught us all out of the roomie.

Mel. They must weepe *Diphilus*.

Diph. Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my brother, and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not, I would first mangle my selfe,
and

The Maides Tragedie.

and find it.

Mel. That was spoke according to our straine, come,
Joyne thy hands to mine,
And sweare a firmenesse to what project I
Shall lay before thee.

Diph. You doe wrong us both,
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more than our loves to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish,
Anon Ile tell you wonders, we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, weel right our selves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,
Haste *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haste. Exit *Diphilus*.
I hope my cause is just, I know my blood
Tels me it is, and I will credit it :
To take revenge and lose my selfe withall,
Were idle, and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which miserie
Remayning in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax, but I must have it, see Enter *Calianax*.
Where he comes shaking by me: good my Lord
Forget your spleene to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.

Cal. Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Yare touchie without all cause.

Cal. Doe, moske me.

Mel. By mine honour I speake truth.

Cal. Honor? where ist?

Mel. See what starts you make into your hatred to my
love and freedome to you, ——————
I come with resolution to obtaine a fute
Of you.

Cal. A fute of me? tis very like it shoulde be granted sir.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. Nay, goo not hence,
Tis this, you have the keeping of the Fort,
And I would wish you by the love you ought
To beare unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it, I would kill
the king that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out traytor.

Mel. Nay but stay, I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without *I* have this fort.

Cal. And should *I* helpe thee? now thy treacherous minde
betrayes it selfe.

Mel. Come, delay me not,
Give me a sudden answser, or already
Thy last is spoke, refuse not offered love,
When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If *I* say *I* will not, he will kill me, *I* doo see't writ
In his looks; and should *I* say *I* will, hee'l run and tell the
King: *I* doe not shun your friendship deare *Melancthus*,
But this cause is weighty, give me but an houre to thinke.

Mel. Take it, — *I* know this goes unto the king,
But *I* am arm'd.

Exit Melancthus.

Cal. Me thinkes *I* feele my selfe
But twenty now agen, this fighting foole
Wants policie, *I* shall revenge my girle,
And make her red againe, I pray, my leggs
Will last that pace that *I* will carry them,
I shall want breath before *I* finde the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melancthus, Euadne, and a Lady.

Melancthus. Save you.
Euadne. Save you sweet brother.

G

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. In my blunt eye me thinkes you looke *Euadne*,
Euad. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would *Euadne*, I shall displease my ends else,
Euad. You shall if you command me, I am bashfull,

Come sir, how doe I looke?

Mel. I would not have your women heare me
Breake into commendation of you, 'tis not seemly.

Euad. Goe waite me in the gallery — now speake.

Mel. Ile locke the dore first.

Exeunt Ladies.

Euad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things that dance
In visitation with their Millan skins
Choke up my businesse.

Euad. You are strangely dispos'd sir.

Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry.

Euad. No, if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendations I have for you.

Euad. Brother, the Court has made you wittie,
And learne to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't, has it learned you nothing?

Euad. Me?

Mel. I *Euadne*, thou art young and hansom,
A Lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdome.

Euad. Gentle brother,

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy remembrance foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

Euad. How is this?

Mel. 'Tis base,

And I could blush at these yeares, thorough all
My honour'd scarres, to come to such a party.

Euad. I understand you not,

Mel. You dare not foole,

They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

Euad. My faults sir, I would have you know I care not
If they were w r t. en here, here in my forehead.

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.

Euad. This is fawcie,
Looke you intrude no more, there lyes your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.

Euad. What truth is that you looke for?

Mel. Thy long lost honour: would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their lowdest bolts, come tell me quickly,
Doe it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

Euad. How sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people, in every place.

Euad. They and the seconds of it are base people,
Beleve them not, they lyed.

Mel. Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,
I come to know that desperate foole that drew thee;
From thy faire life, be wise, and lay him open.

Euad. Unhand me, and learne manners, tuch^{another}
Forgetfulness forsets your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,
Let all mine honours perish but Ile find him,
Though he lye lockt up in thy blood, be sudden.
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,
The burnt ayre when the Dog raignes, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sicknesse.

Euad. Be gone, you are my brother, that's your safety.

Mel. Ile be a wolfe first, 'tis to be thy brother
An infamy below the sin of coward:
I am as farre from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue, seeke a kindred
Mongt sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother,
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,
And tell them what a brave man you are, I shall laugh at you.

Mel. Y'are growne a glorious whore, where be your
Fighters? what mortall foole durst raise thee to this datering,
And I alive? by my just sword, ha'd safer
Bestride a billow when the angry North
Plowes up the sea, or made heavens fire his food;
Worke me no higher, will you discover yet?

Euad. The fellow's mad, sleepe and speake sense.

Mel. Force my swolne heart no further, I would save thee,
your great maintainers are not here, they dare not, would
they were all, and armed, I would speake lowd, here's one
should thunder to' em: will you tell me? thou hast no hope to
scape, hee that dates most, and dams away his soule to doe
thee service, will sooner fetch meat from a hungry Lyon,
than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee: has un-
done thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue, and of a lovely rose,
left thee a canker.

Euad. Let me consider.

Mel. Doe, whose childe thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave open'd
And so puld on the Gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandall.

Euad. The gods are not of my minde, they had better
let 'em ly sweet still in the earth, they'sanke here.

Mel. Doe you raise much out of my easinesse?
Forsake me then all weakenesse of nature,
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth,
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover, tell, or Ile kill thec,
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

Euad. You will not murder me.

Mel. No, tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

Euad.

The Maides Tragedie.

Euad. Help.

Mel. By thy foule selfe, no humane helpe shall helpe thee,
If thou criest, when I have kild thee, as I have
Vow'd to doe, if thou confess not, naked as thou hast left
Thine honour, will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy blacke shame and my justice, wilt thou bend yet?

Euad. Yes.

Mel. Up and begin your story.

Euad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. Tis true, thou art, speake truth still.

Euad. I have offended, noble Sir, forgive me.

Mel. With what secure slave?

Euad. Doe not aske me sir,

Mine owne remembrance is a misery
Too mightie for me.

Mel. Doe not fall backe againe, my sword's unsheathe'd yet.

Euad. What shall I doe?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault lesse.

Euad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or Ile be this day a killing thee.

Euad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay, I must aske mine honour first, I have too much
foolish nature in me, speake.

Euad. Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearefull conscience, that's too many,
Who ist?

Euad. O heare me gently, it was the king.

Mel. No more. My worthy fathers and my services
Are liberally rewarded: King I thanke thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my owne mettall: these are souldiers thanks,
How long have you liv'd thus *Euadne*?

Euad. Too long.

Mel. Too late you finde it, can you be sorry?

Euad. Wouldest I were halfe as blameleſſe.

Mel. *Euadne*, thou wilt to thy trade againe,

The Maides Tragedie.

Eusad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would gods th'hadst beene so blest :

Doſt thou not hate this King now? prethe hate him;
Couldſt thou not curse him? I command thee curse him,
Curſe till the gods heare, and deliver him

Tell me your wiſhes; yet I ſee *Eusadre*,
You had rather play your game out.

Eusad. No, I feele

Too many ſad conuſions here to let in
Any loſe flāme hereaſter.

Mel. Doſt thou not feele amonſt all those one brave anger
That breakes out nobly, and direc̄ts thine armie
To kill this base King?

Eusad. All the gods forbide it.

Mel. No, all the gods require it, they are dishonored in

Eusad. 'Tis too fearefull.

Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your Madams name
Discourse ſoc groomeſ and pages, and hereaſter
When his coole Majestic hath laid you by
To be at pension with ſome needy Sir
For meat and courſer clothes, thus far you know no feare,
Come, you ſhall kill him,

Eusad. Good ſir,

Mel. And 'twere to kiffe him dead, thou'dſt ſmother him,
Be wife and kill him: Canſt thou live and know
What noble minds ſhall make thee ſee thy ſelfe
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all ſuccesſions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou ſhalt not live thus, kneele and ſwear to helpe me
When I ſhall call thee to it, or by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou ſhalt not live
To breath a full hoare longer, not a thought:
Come 'tis a righteous oath, give me thy hand,
And both to heaven held up, ſwear by that wealth
This luſtfull thiefe ſtole from thee, when I ſay it,

To

The Maides Tragedie.

To let his foule soule out.

Euad. Herc I sweare it,
And all you spirits of abused Ladies
Helpe me in this performance.

Me. Enough, this must be knowne to none
But you and I Euadne, not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as farre into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as farre as justice.
Aske me not why, Farewell.

Exit. Me.

Euad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace,
Oh where have I been all this time! how friended,
That I should lose my selfe thus desperatly,
And none for pitty shew me how I wanded?
There is not in the compasse of the light
A more unhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soule,
Be not so cruell to me, choake not up *Enter Amistor.*
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

Amin. How now?

Euad. My much abused Lord.

Kneele.

Amin. This cannot be.

Euad. I doe not kneele to live, I dare not hope it,
The wrongs I'did are greater, looke upon me
Though I appere with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow,
Heauen knowes I have too many, doe not mocke me,
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which arc my foster-brothers, I may leape
Like a hand wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,
And doe an out-rage, prethee doe not mock me.

Euad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance, I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life,
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice

For

The Maides Tragedie.

For what *I* have committed.

Amin. Sure *I* dazzle.

There cannot bee a faith in that soule woman
That knowes no God more mighty than her mischieves,
Thou dost still worst, still number on thy faults,
To presse my poore heart thus. Can *I* believe
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares goe on in sinne
Knowne, and so knowne as thine is, O *Eudne*?
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That *I* might put a thousand sorowes off,
And credit thy repentance, but *I* must not,
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelieve of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that *I* feare
I shall fall like a tree, and finde my grave,
Onely rememb'ring that *I* grieve.

Eud. My Lord,
Give me your grieves, you are an innocent,
A soule as whiteas heaven, let not my sinnes
Perish your noble youth, *I* doe not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my teares,
As all say women can, or to make lesse
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Knowes to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance, no *I* doe not,
I doe appeare the same, the same *Eudne*,
Drest in the shames *I* liv'd in, the same monster,
But these are names of honour, to what *I* am,
I doe present my selfe the foulest creature,
Most poysonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna bred, or *Nilus*, *I* am hell,
Till you, my deare Lord, shoot your light into me,
The beames of your forgiven Isle, *I* am soule-sick,
And wither with the feare of one condemn'd,
Till *I* have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise *Eudne*.

Those

Those heavenly powers that put this good into the
Grant a continuance of it, I forgive thee,
Make thy selfe worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed Enadre this be serious,
Mocke not the powers above, that can, and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all insuing eyes, if thou plai'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Enad. I have done nothing good to win belsee,
My life hath beene so faulcible, all the Creatures
Made for heavens honors have their ends and good ones,
All but the couesning Crocodiles, false women.
They reigne here like those plagues those killing sores
Men pray against, and when they die, like tales
I'll told, and unbelievev'd they passe away,
And goe to dust forgotten : But my Lord,
Those short dayes I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me,) shall though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will
Since I can doe no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at some thing that is neere it,
I will redeme one minute of my age,
Or like another Nisbe Ile weepe
Till I am water.

Amit. I am now dissolved :
My frozen soule melts : may each sin thou haft,
Finde a new mercy : rise, I am at peace :
Madst thou beene thus thus excellently good,
Before that devill King tempted thy frailty.
Sure thou hadst made a star, give me thy hand,
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy *Amiter*,
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairely,
And pray the gods to give thee happy dayes,
My Charity shall goe along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee,
I should ha'kild thee, but this sweete reapeance

The Malice Tragédie.

Lockes up my vengeance, for which thus I kisse thee,
The last kisse we must take, and would to heaven
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,
Had given us equall vertues, god *Endne*,
The gods thus part our bodies, have a care
My honour falls no further, I am well then.

End. All the deare joyes here, and above hereafter
Crownē thy faire roulē, thus I take leave my Lord,
And never shall you see the foule *Endne*
Till sh'ave tryed all honoured meanes that may
Set her in rest, and wash her staines away.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes play within.

Banquet. Enter King, *Calianax.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemy.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and I le justifie ic
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he breake without all circumstance
To you his foe, that he would have the Fort
To kill me, and then escape ?

Cal. If he denie it, I le make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibely.

Cal. I so does every thing I say of late.

King. Not so *Calianax.*

Cal. Yes I should fit

Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong armes cuts your throat;

King. Well I will trie him, and if this be true
I le pawne my life I le find it, ist be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doate in your owne houle,
Not in the Court.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie
Mine eares are false, for I le be sworne I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing, you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning of it, you would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered,

King.

King. And will still where I may doe with justice to the world, you have no witnessse.

Cal. Yes my selfe.

King. No more I meane there were that heard it.

Cal. How no more? would you have more? why am not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

King. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Cal. I may, 'tis like I will doe so, there are a hundred will sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

King. such witnessses we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

King. Enough, wher's *Strato*? (knaue.

Str. Sir.

Enter *Strato*,

King. Why wheres all the company? call *Aminior* in.

Euadne, wheres my brother, and *Melanctius*?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*, call all

Exit *Strato*

That are without there; if he should desire

The combat of you, 'tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, unlesse

We meane to quit'em.

Cal. Why if you doe thinke
'Tis fit an old man, and a Counsellor,
To fight for what he sayes, then you may grant it.

Enter *Amin*, *Euad*, *Mel*, *Diph*, *Lips*, *Ck*, *Stra*, *Diag*.

King. Come sirs, *Aminior* thou art yet a Bridegroome,

And I will use thee so, thou shalt sit downe,

Euadne sit, and you *Aminior* too,

This banquet is for you sir: who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our wine? why *Strato* where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably

When I desire em not.

Strato. 'Tis my ill lucke sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a boule of wine: *Melanctius* thou art fad

Amin, I should be sir the merriest here,

But I ha neare a story of mine owne

Worth telling at this time,

The Oracle's Tragedy.

King. Give me the wine,
Melanius I am now confidering
How easie 'twere for any man we trust
To poysone one of us in such a boule.
Mel. I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are.
King. I faith 'twere easies, it becomes us well
To get plaine dealing men about our selves,
Such as you all are here, Amintor to thee
And to thy faire Esadm.
Mel. Have you thought of this Calianox? aside.
Cal. Yes marry have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. Ye shall have it soundly?
King. Reach to Amintor, Sirato.
Amin. Here my love,
This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeke, and till thou dost
A fault 'twere pitty.
King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,
He could not scape that did it.
Mel. Were he knowne, unpossible.
King. It would be knowne Melanius.
Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away
He must wear all our lives upon his sword,
He need not fite the Iland, he must leave
No one alive.
King. No, I should thinke no man
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.
Cal. But I? heaven blesse me, I, should I my Liege?
King. I doe not thinke thou wouldest, but yet thou mightest,
For thou haft in thy hands the meanes to scape,
By keeping of the Fort, he has Melanius
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs Sir,

The Muses Triagall.

'Tis cleane sweep't, I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, 'twas neere besieg'd
Since he commanded.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keepe your ill temper in,
I speake no male, had my brother kept it
I should ha sed as much.

King. You are not merry, brother drinke wine.
Sit you all still, *Calloanax*, *afide*.
I cannot trust thus, I have throwne out words
That would ha fecht warme blood upon the cheeke's
Of guilty men, and he is never moy'd,
He knowes no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may scapes when feble vertue is accus'd.

King. A must if he were guilty seele an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang himselfe,
What care I what he does, this he did say.

King. Melantius. You can not easily conceive
What I have meant, for men that are in fault
Can subtilly apprehend when others aimes
At what they doe amisse, but I forgive
Freely before this man, heaven doe so too ;
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why this is very fine.

Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you meant, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it, happily 'tis nonght
But misconstruacion, and where I am cleare
I will not take forgiuenesse of the gods,
Much lesse of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shall call back my mcrey.

Mel. I want smoothnesse

The Maides Tragedie.

To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
my eares are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the
Fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned,
You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that uttered this
Had perish without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arme that sent him from the foe,
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainenesse of my nature would speake more,
Give me a pardon (for you ought to doo't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I that will be end of all,
Then I am fairely paid for all my care and service.

Mel. That old man, who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low,)
Have no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,
And sware he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shameles Fellow, didst thou not speak
to me of it thy selfe?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me, who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough,
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lijp, cheare *Aminor* and his Lady, there's no sound
Come from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

Amin. You have done already Sir for me I thanke you.

King. *Melanius* I doe credit this from him,
How sleight so ere you mak't.

Cal. 'Tis strange you should.

Mel. 'Tis strange he should believe an old mans word,
That never lyed in his life.

Mel.

The Mairies TRAGEDIE.

Mel. I talke not to thee,
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Franticke with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Majestie and me? 'twas wrong
To hearken to him, but to credit him
As much, at least, as I have power to beare.
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,
I may commend my selfe——I have bestowd
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth
To thinke an action that would make me lose
That, and my thankes too: when I was a boy
I thrust my selfe into my Countries cause,
And did a deed, that pluckt five yeares from time,
And stil'd me man then, and for you my King,
Your subjects all have fed by vertue of my arme.
This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you your selfe have liv'd at home in ease:
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetch you conquest, and my heart
And limmes are still the same, my will as great
To doe you service: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. *Melantius*, I held it great injustice to beleeve
Thine enemie, and did not; if I did,
I doe not, let that satisfie: what strucke
With sadness all? more wine.

Cal. A few fine words have overthrowne my truth:
A th' art a villaine.

Mel. Why thou wert better let me have the Fort,
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever,
There shall no credit lye upon thy words,
Thinke better and deliver it.

Cal. My Liege, hees at me now agen to doe it, speake,
Denie it if thou canst, examine him
Whilst he hot, for he coole agen,
He will forswear it.

King.

The Maides Tragedie.

King. This is lunacie / hope Melamitius.

Mel. He hath lost himselfe

Much since his daughter mist the happiness
My sister gain'd, and though he call me Foe,
I pittie him.

Cal. Pittie, a pox upon you.

King. Marke his disordered words, and at the Maske.

Mel. Diagoras knowes he rag'd, and rail'd at me,

And cal'd a Lady Whore so innocent,
She understood him not, but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,
Pardon him as I doe.

Cal. Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you
will be safe chop off his head, for there was never knowne so
impudent a Rascall.

King. Some that love him get him to bed: why, pittie
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, we must be all
old, have him away.

Mel. Calianax the King beleeves you come, you shall goe
Home, and rest, you ha done well, youle give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plaine sir, he does move me still,
He sayes he knowes Ile give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month: I am mad,
Am I not still?

Onnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you doe thus,
Why would you trust a sturdie fellow there,
(That has no vertue in him, alas in his sword)
Before me! doe but take his weapons from him,
And hees an Asse, and I am a very foole,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

Onnes. Ha, ha, ha.

King. 'Tis well Calianax, but if you use
This once agen, I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry Gentlemen, it growes somewhat late.

Amintor thou wouldest be a bed agen.

Amin. Yes Sir.

King. And you Enadne, let me take thee in my armes, Melanius, and beleevē thou art as thou deserwest to be, my friend still, and for ever. Good Calianax. Sleepe soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

Exemint omnes. Manent Mel. & Cal.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now I hope, I could not be thus else, How dar'it thou stay Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongie, And that's the strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I doe looke for some great punishment for this, For I begin to forget all my hate, And tak't unkindly that mine enemy Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take Unkindnesses; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me agen; thou wretched roague, Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King, Lose all my offices, this is no hurt Is it? I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poysone men because they love me not, To call the credit of mens wives in question, To murder children betwixt me and land; This is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'it is sport, For mine is worse, but use thy will with me, For betwixt grieve and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then and be safe, thou maist revenge.

Cal. I oth' King, I would revenge of thee.

Mel. That you must plot your selfe.

Cal. I am a fine-plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King, In this perplexitie, till peevishnesse And thy disgrace have layd thee in thy grave; But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,

He take thy trembling body in my armes,

And beare thee over dangers, thou shalt hold

Thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King, canst thou deny't a g'en?

Mel. Try and beleeve.

Cal. Nay then thou canst bring any thing about,
Thou shalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right us both, give me thy aged breast
to compasie.

Cal. Nay I doe not love thee yet,
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,
And if I thought it were a curtesie,
Thou shouldest not have it, but I am disgrac'd,
My Offices are to be tane away,
And if I did but hold this Fort a day,
I doe beleeve the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carryed:
Nere thank me for't, but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Hee'l buy that knowledge very dearly : Diph.
What newes with thee ? Enter Diphilus.

Diph. This were a night indeed to doe it in,
The King hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall performe it then, goe Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The Fort, hee'l give it thee.

Diph. Ha you got that ?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed ? canst thou deny
This to the King too ?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his,

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole straine : if thou fol-
low me a great way off, Ile give thee up the Fort, and hang
your selves.

The Maides Tragedie.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. Hee's finely wrought.

Exeunt Cal. Diph.

Mel. This is a night in spight of Astronomers.

To doe the deed in, I will wash the staine
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Aminior.

Amin. *Melantius* now affit me if thou beest
That which thou sayst, affit me, I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage.
So pleasing, helpe me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not sweare vengeance? what's the matter friend?

Aminior. Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with me
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety, let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me,
By heaven to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye
I love her as a stranger, there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things *Melantius*,
And she repents. Ile do't my selfe alone,
Though I be slaine. Farewell.

Mel. Hee'l overthrow my whole designe with madnesse
Aminior, thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Aminior,*
With whom thou fightest, I know hee's honest, aside
And this will worke with him.

Amin. I cannot tell
What thou haft said, but thou haft charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here
Defenceleffe.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.

Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!

The Muses Tragedie.

The thing that we call honour, beares us all
Head-long unto sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts?

Amin. Just like my fortunes, I was fain to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.

Some plot I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old fellowes carriage, but take heed,
Theres not the least limbe growing to a King,
But carries thunder in't.

Mel. I have none against him.

Amin. Why? come then, and still remember we may not
thinke revenge.

Me. I will remember.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Euadne and a Gentleman.

EUAD. Sir, is the King abed?

Gent. Madam, an houre agoe.

Euad. Give me the key then, and let none be neere,
Tis the Kings pleasure.

Gent. I understand you Madam, would e' were mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your Ladyship.

Euad. You talke, you talke.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare doc Madam, but the King will wake,
and then,

Euad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one Madam,
I am gone.

Euad. The night growes horrible, and all about me
Like my blacke purpose, O the conscience King abed
Of a lost virgin, whither wile thou pull me?
To what things dismal, as the depth of hell,

Wise

The Maides Tragedie.

Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this houre be disloyall, if her heart
Be flesh, if she have blood, and can feare, 'tis a daring
Above that desperate foole that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight, 'tis so many sins
An age cannot prevent 'em, and so great,
The gods want mercie for, yet I must through 'em,
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there; a-sleeps, good heavens,
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast
That hath so long transgrest you? I must kill him,
And I will do't bravely: the meere joy
Tels me I merit in it, yet I must not.
Thus tamely doe it as he sleeps, that were
To rocke him to another world, my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
Ile shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evill angell, his sick conscience,
And then Ile strike him dead: King by your leave
I dare not trust your strength, your grace and I
Must grapple upon even tearmes no more,
So, if he raile me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.
My Lord the King, my Lord: a sleepes
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

*Ties his
armes to
the bed.*

King. Who's that?

Euad. O you sleep soundly Sir.

King. My deare Euadne,

I have beeene dreaming of thee, come to bed:

Euad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this Euadne?

What doe you tie me to you by my love?

This is a quaint one: come my deare and kisse me,

Ile be thy Mars, to bed my Quene of Love,

Let us be caught together, that the gods may see,

And

The Maides Tragedie.

And envie our embraces.

Euad. Stay sir, stay,
You are too hot, and I have brought you Physick
To temper your high veines.

King. Prethee to bed then, let me take it warime,
There you shall know the state of my body better.

Euad. I know you have a surfeited foule body,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Euad. I you shall bleed ; lie still, and if the devill,
Your lust will give you leave, repent, this steele
Comes to redeeme the honour that you stole
King, my faire name, which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How's this *Euadne* ?

Euad. I am not she, nor beare I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,
I am a Tyger, I am any thing
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doest,
Ile take thee unprepar'd, thy feares upon thee,
That make thy fins looke double, and so send thee
(By my revenge I will) to looke those tormentes
Prepar'd for such black soules.

King. Thou doest not meane this, 'tis impossible,
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Euad. No I am not,
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hel's here : I was once faire,
Once I was lovely, not a blowing rose
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,
(Stirre not) didst poyson me, I was a world of vertue,
Till your curs'd Court and you (hell bleffe you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour, for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Euad. I am.

King.

King. Thou art not,
I prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Euad. Peace and heare me.
Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,
To those, above us, by whose lights I vowe,
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sinne,
If thy hot loule had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,
My tongue shall teach : Thou art a shanelesse villaine,
A thing out of the over-charge of nature,
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague
Upon weake catching women, such a tyrant
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
I all his heaven hereafter.

King. Hearre Euadne,
Thou foule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy King.

Euad. Thou art my shame, lie still, there's none about you
Within your cries, all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus, thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance.

Stabs him.

King. Hold Euadne,
I doe command thee hold.

Euad. I doe not meane sir,
To part so fairely with you, we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villaine
Provok't thee to this murther ?

Euad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh,
Euad. Thou keptst me brave at Court, and whor'd mee,
Then married mee to a young noble Gentleman, King :
And whor'd mee still.

King. Euadne pitty me.

Euad. Hell take me then, this for my Lord Amitor,
This for my noble brother, and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women.

Kills him.
King

King. Oh I die.

Enaud. Die all our faults together, I forgive thee. *Exaudi.*

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now shes's gone, lets enter, the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench, weele have a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1. Content : how quickly he had done with her, I see Kings can doe no more that way then other mortall people.

2. How fast he is ! I cannot heare him breathe.

1. Either the Tapers give a feble light, or hee looks very pale.

2. And so he does, pray heaven he be well.

Lets looke : Alas hee's stiffe, wounded and deads.

Treason, Treason,

1. Run forth and call:

Exit. Gen.

2. Treason, Treason.

1. This will be laid on us : who can beleive
A woman could doe this ?

Enter Cleon and Lisippus.

Cleon. How now, where's the Traytor?

1. Fled, fled away, but there her wofull act
Lies still.

Cle. Her act ! a woman !

Lis. Where's the body ?

1. There.

Lis. Farewell thou worthy man, there were two bonds
That tyed our loves, a brother and a King,
The least of which might fetch a flood of teares :
But such the misery of greatnessse is,
They have no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she ?

Enter Strato.

Strato. Never follow her,

For she alas was but the instrument.

Newes is now brought in, that *Melunius*

Has

Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voyce calls those few that passe
At this dead time of night, delivering
The infcence of this act.

Lif. Gentlemen I am your King.

Srat. We doe acknowledge it.

Lif. I would I were not : follow all ; for this must have a
sudden stop.

Exeunt.

Enter Melan. Dipp. Cal. on the wall.

Mel. If the dull people can beleive I am arm'd,
Be constant *Diphilus*, now we have time,
Either to bring our banisht honors home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Dipp. I feare not,

My spirit lies not that way. Courage *Calianax*:

Cal. Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows,
You were borne to be my end, the devill take you.
Now must I hang for company, 'tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lifp. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.

Lifp. See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He lookes as if he had the better cause, Sir.
Under your gracious pardon let me speake it,
Though he be mighty spirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I doe beleive him noble, and this action
Rather pild on then sought, his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.

Lif. 'Tis my feare too,
Heaven forgive all : summon him *Lord Clem.*

Clem. Ho from the wals there.

Mel. Worthy *Clem* welcome,
We could a wisht you here *Lord*, you are honest.

K

Cal.

The Spanish Tragico.

Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee so.

afide:

Lis. Melanitum.

Mel. Sir.

Lis. I am sorry that we meet thus, our old love
Never requir'd such distance, pray heaven
You have not left your selfe, and sought this safety
More out of feare then of honor, you have lost
A noble master, which your faith *Melanitus*,
Some thinke might have preserv'd, yet you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad, some that dares
Fight I hope will pay this rascal. (thee,

Mel. Royall young man, whose teares looke lovely on
Had they beene shed for a deserving one,
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whil'st he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him,
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Puld people from the farthest Sunne to seeke him,
And by his friendship, I was then his Souldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cur'd dishonor of my sister,
Base staine of whore, and which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like my selfe,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine owne justice to revenge
What I have suffered in him, and this old man
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who I? you wud draw me in : I have had no wrong
I doe disclaime ye all.

Mel. The shott is this ;
'Tis no ambition to lift up my selfe
Urgeth me thus, I doe desire againe
To be a subiect, so I may be freed ;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Towne, be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Sir. Be sudden Sir to tie

AD

The Maides Tragedie.

All up againe, what's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge, and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled houre as this,
Throw him the blanke.

*Lis. Melanis, write in that thy choyce,
My scale is at it.*

*Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
No gaine, and we will only worke our pardon.*

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us but now Calianox.

*Cal. That's all one,
Ile not be hanged hereafter by a tricke,
Ile have it in.*

*Mel. You shall, you shall :
Come to the back gate, and weele call you King,
And give you up the Fort.*

Lis. Away, away.

Enter Onnes.

Enter Aspasia in mans apparel.

*Afp. This is my fatall houre, heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefes on me that will never let me rest,
And put a womans heart into my breast,
It is more honor for you that I die,
For she that can indure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can doe.*

God save you sir.

Enter seruant.

Ser. And you sir, what's your busynesse ?

*Afp. With you sir now, to doe me the faire office
To helpe me to your Lord.*

Ser. What would you serve him ?

*Afp. Ile doe him any service, but to haste,
For my affaires are earnest, I desire
To speake with him.*

*Ser. Sir because you are in such haste, I would be loth de-
lay you any longer : you cannot.*

Afp. It shall become you though to tell your Lord.

The Muses Tragodie.

Ser. Sir he will not speake with no body.

Afp. This is most strange : art thou gold prove? there's
for thee, help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doe my best. Exit.

Afp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me ;
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More then in women : all the men I meet
Appeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtlety in every thing,
Which love could never know ; but we found women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts
And thinke all shall goe so, it is unjust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter Aminior and his man.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There my Lord.

Amin. What would you Sir?

Afp. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the roome, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us.

Afp. O that that shape should bury falsehood in it. afide.

Amin. Now your will Sir.

Afp. When you know mee, my Lord, you needs must
My busynesse, and I am nothard to know, (gueſſe
For till the chance of warre marke this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her ruine ; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Afpatis.

Amin. The wrong'd Afpatis, would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Aminior, let me kiffe
That hand of thine in honour that I beare
Unto the wrong'd Afpatis : here I stand
That did it, would he could not, gentle youth
Leave me, for there is something in thy looks
That calſ my finnes in a moſt hideous forme
Into my mind, and I have grife enough

Without

The Maides Tragedie.

Without thy helpe.

Af. I would I could with credit:
Since I was twelve yeares old I had not scene
My sister till this houre, I now arriv'd,
She sent for me to see her marriage,
A wofull one, but they that are above
Have ends in every thing, she us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The basenesse of the injurics you did her,
That little training I have had, is war,
I may behaue my selfe rudely in peace,
I would not though, I shall not need to tell you
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd againe,
Fairely I meane to deale, the age is strict
For single combats, and we shall be stopt
If it be publischt, if you like your sword,
Use it, if mine appeare a better to you,
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou beeſt ſuch, thinke not I will maintaine
So ſtrange a wrong, and for thy ſisters ſake,
Know, that I could not thinke that desperate thing
I durft not doe, yet to injoy this world.
I would not ſee her, for beholding thee,
I am I know not what, if I have ought
That may content thee, take it and be gone,
For death is not ſo terrible as thou,
Thine eyes ſhoot guilt into me.

Af. Thus ſhe ſwore,
Thou wouldit behaue thy ſelfe, and give me words
That would fetch teares into mine eyes, and ſo
Thou doſt indeed, but yet the bad me watcht,
Lest I were couſen'd, and be ſure to fight,
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That muſt not be with me,

The Maides Tragedie.

For her Ile die directly, but against her
Will never hazard it.

Afp. You must be urg'd, I doe not deale uncivilly with
Thole that dare to fight, but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus. She strikes him.

Amin. I prethee youth take heed,
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honor, that I can indure
All this, good gods — a blow I can indure,
But stay not, left thou draw a timelesse death
Upon thy selfe.

Afp. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that has studyed out a tricke to talke
And move soft-hearted people; to be kickt She kickt him.
Thus to be kickt — why should he be so flow afide.
In giving me my death ?

Amin. A man can beare
No more and keepe his flesh, forgive me then,
I would endure yet if I could, now shew
The spirite thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no honour to live : They fight.
What deſt thou meane? thou canſt not fight :
The blowes thou makſt at me are quite beſides,
And thoſe I offer at thee, thou spreadſt thine armes
And takſt upon thy-breast, alas defenceleſſe.

Afp. I have got enough,
And my deſire, ther's no place ſo fit
For me to die as here.

Euad. Amintor I am loaden with events
That flie to make thee happy, I have joyes
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs
And ſettle thee in thy free ſtate againe,
It is Euadne ſtill that follows thee,
But not her miſchieves. Enter Euadne.

Her hands
bloudy with
a knife.

Amin. Thou canſt not foole me to beleeve agen,
But thou haſt looks and things ſo full of newes
That I am ſtaid.

Euad.

Euad. Noble Amintor put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speake, am I not faire ?
Looks not Euadne beauteous with those rites now ?
Were those houres halfe so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foule within, to looke faire then,
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
about thee, which it seemes thy tongue hath lost :
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Euad. In this consists thy happinesse and mine ;
Joy to Amintor, for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their armes.
Why? thou hast rais'd up mischiefe to his hight,
And found one to out-name thy other faults ;
Thou hast no intermission of thy finnes,
But all thy life is a continuall ill,
Blacke is thy colour now, disease thy nature,
Joy to Amintor ? thou hast toucht a life,
The very name of which had power to chaine
Up all my soge, and calme my wildest wrongs.

Euad. 'Tis done, and since I could not find away
To bid thy love so cleare, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speake to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my brest,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my flow hand : and to augment my woe,
You now are present stain'd with a Kings bloud
Violently shed : this keepes night here,
And throwes an unknowne wildernesse about me.

Af. Oh, oh, oh.

Amin. No more, pursue me not.

Euad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.

We

100 Maides Tragall.

We may not part.

Amin. Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe this way.

Eud. Tis you that I would stay, not it,

Amin. Take heed, it will returne with me,

Eud. If it must be, I shall not feare to meet it,

Take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear.

Eud. For heavens sake looke more calme,

Thine eyes are sharper then thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to me then violence.

I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant, for heavens sake stand.

Eud. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language,
In midſt of all my anger, and my griefe,
Thou doſt awake ſomething that troubles me,
And ſayes I lovd thee once, I dare not stay,

There is no end of womans reaſoning. leaves her.

Eud. Am I or thou ſhalt love me once againe,
Goe I am calme, farewell; And peace for ever.

Eud. whom thou haſt will die for thee. kills her ſelfe

Amin. I have a little humane nature yet
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand. Returns.

Eud. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late,
Oh I am loſt, the heavy ſleepe makes haſt. She diſ.

Aſſe. Oh, oh, oh:

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I ſeele
A starke affrighted motion in my bloud,
My ſoule growes weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to my ſelfe,
There is ſome hidden power in theſe dead things
That calls my flesh unto 'em, I am cold,
Be reſolute, and beare 'em company,
There's ſomthing yet which I am loath to leave,
There's man enough in me to meet the feares
That death can bring, and yet would it were done,

I can

The Maides Tragedie.

I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death I durst not meet the boldest way,
Yet still betwixt the reason and the a^t,
The wrong I to *Aspasia* did, stands up,
I have not such another fault to answer,
Though she may justly arme her selfe with scorne
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,
When I have paid to her in teares my sorrow,
I will not leave this act unsatisfiēd,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a drcame ? there stands *Amintor* still,
Or I dreame still.

Amin. How doest thou? speake, receive my love and help,
Thy bloud climbes up to his old place againe,
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name *Aspasia* ?

Amintor. I did.

Asp. And talkt of teares and sorrow unto her,

Amin. 'Tis true, and till these happy signes in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Th' art there already, and these wounds are hers :
Those threats I brought with me, sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.

I am *Aspasia* yet.

Amin. Dare my soule ever looke abroad agen ?

Asp. I shall live *Amintor*, I am well,
A kind of healthfull joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy losse
Come let me beare thee to some place of help.

Asp. *Amintor* thou must stay, I must rest here,
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How doest thou my best soule? I would faine live,
Now if I could, wouldest thou have loved me then ?

Amin. Alas, all that I am's not worth a haire
From thee.

Asp. Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up and down,

L

And

The Maides Tragedie.

And cannot finde thee, I am wondrous sicke :
Have I thy hand **Amintor** ?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

A/p. I doe beleeve thee better then my sense.

Oh, I must goe, farewell.

Amin. She sounds : **Aspatia.** Helpe, for heavens sake water
Such as may chaine life ever to this frame.

Aspatia speake : what no help ? yet I foole,
Ile chase her temples, yet ther's nothing stirres,
Some hidden power tell her **Amintor** calls,
And let her answer me : **Aspatia** speake.

I have heard, if there belife, but how
The body thus, and it will shew it selfe.

Oh she is gone, I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
Ile call it mercy if youle pity me,
You heavenly powers, and lend for some few yeares,
The blessed soule to this faire seat againe.

No comfort comes, the gods deny me too.
Ile bow the body once againe : **Aspatia**.

The soule is fled for ever, and I wrong
My selfe, so long to lose her company.

Must I talke now ? Here's to be with thee love. *Kills himselfe.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new
King come to him, I must tell him, he is entring. O heaven,
help, helpe.

Enter Lisp. Melant. Cal Cleon. Diph. Sir. no.

Lis. Where's **Amintor** ?

Sir. no. O there, there.

Lis. How strange is this ?

Cal. What should we doe here ?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiffe here for ever : eyes call up your teares,
This is **Amintor** : heart, he was my friend,

Mel.

The Maides Tragedie.

Melt, now it flowes, Amintor give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh.

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor, oh thy armes
Are kinder to me than thy tongue,
Speake, speake.

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the soundes
That ever I shall heate againe.

Diph. O brother here lyes your sister slaine,
You lose your selfe in sorrow there.

Mel. Why Dipbilus, It is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this
Here was my sister, father, brother, sonne,
All that I had, speake once againe,
What youth lyes slaine there by thee?

Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My senses fade, let me give up my soule
Into thy bosome.

Cal. What's that what's that Aspatia?
Mel. I never did repent the greatnesse of my heart till now.
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too, and you have all fine
new trickes to grieve, but I nere knew any but direct
crying.

Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold brother.

Lifp. Stop him.

Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you,
Does this become our straine?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Growne very kinde, and am friends with you,
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly, but Ile goe home, and live as long as I can,

Mel. His spirit is but poore that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

is not my hande to doe enough
To stop my breath ; or if you tie downe those,
I vow *Annoit* I will never eate,
Or drinke, or sleep, or have to doe with that
That may preserve life, this I sweare to keepe.

Lifp. Looke to him tho, and beare those bodies in.
May this a faire example be to me,
To rule with temper : for on lustfull Kings
Uulookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent,
But curst is he that is their instrument.

F I N I S.

